The Sensational Racing Career *of*

MORVICH

1922 KENTUCKY DERBY WINNER

[AS TOLD BY HIMSELF]

AL. JOHNSON, UP ON MORVICH

INSERT: MR. BENJAMIN BLOCK.

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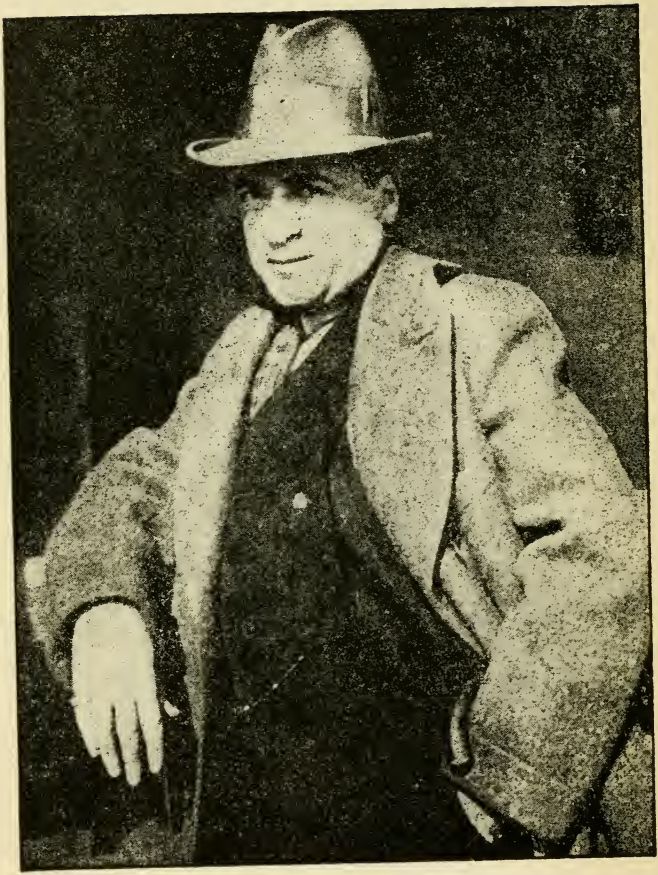
JOHN A. SEAVERNS



Mr. Benjamin Block, Owner of Morvich

MORVICH

An Autobiography of a Horse

BY GERALD B. BREITIGAM

Illustrated with Portraits

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Printed in the U.S.A.

MORVICH

THE WONDER HORSE OF 1921-1922

Unbeaten as a Two-Year-Old, Winning 11 Straight Stake Races

Winner of Kentucky Derby in His First Start as a Three-Year-Old

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The Greatest Race Horse Story Ever Written

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An Appreciation

The Author wishes to thank Mr. Benjamin Block, owner of Morvich, and Mr. Frederick Burlew, his trainer, for their many courtesies. His thanks also are extended to The New York Globe, in which first appeared the first three parts of the Story of Morvich, not only for permission to republish but also for the splendid manner in which the story originally was presented and displayed. To R. H. McCaw, Walter St. Denis, Dan Lyons and O'Neill Sevier, members of The Globe's staff, thanks are herewith given for advice and suggestion in the preparation of the material. And to Mr. William T. Amis, lover of horses, the Author extends his heartiest thanks for the Introduction.

Dedication

To my wonderful friend, Mr. Benjamin Block, my owner, and whom it is my increasing delight to serve, whose courtesies to me in my work and travel are without number and unstinted, always introducing me to the politest society, the Senators, Governors, Merchant princes, and most of all to the most beautiful women in the world, whose gracious interest and pride in me, I am free to admit have nerved me to exert myself and prove my worth; to my trainer, Mr. Frederick Burlew, whose ceaseless vigilance and untiring effort to keep me in the fittest condition, and in it all, not forgetting the menu; to my good friend Mr. Gerald B. Breitigam who so patiently and with such brilliant success took down the copy of my autobiography and is now placing it in permanent form that my friends after me shall know my life; to my friends across the street, who in

the end with unfailing courtesy, like true sportsmen to the manner born, have struggled fiercely with me on the track, and who, I may say, are worthy of any foeman's steel, but acknowledged my triumphs; to that vast throng that cover, like a carpet of spring flowers, the galleries and the ground, and whose applause is a far sweeter fragrance to me; to the great sport of the American Turf, and those who are striving to maintain it on the highest plane of the true ethics of sport, and to which standards I commend that it shall hereafter and forever be maintained, so that all of us good racehorses may appear in honor before our masters and our friends; to my friend Mr. Willam T. Amis, who, after taking down these words, gave me a big piece of chocolate, patted me gently on the cheek and said, "MORVICH, you are a great horse and a fine fellow," I herewith dedicate this book.

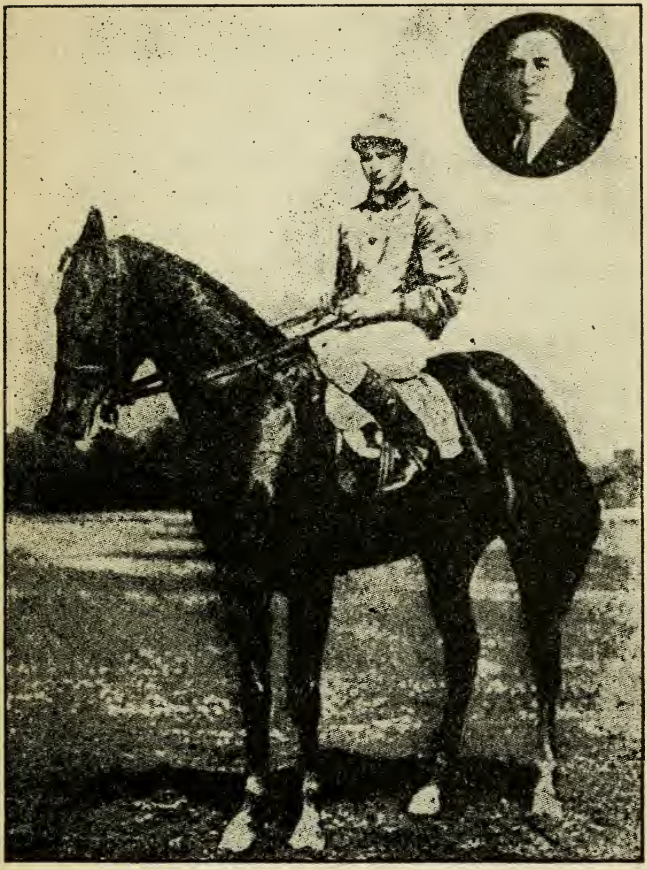
A Tribute to the Horse

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible."

The horse from time immemorial has played an important part in the civilization of the world.

He stands out pre-eminently the king of all beasts. We feel a twinge of regret to call him a beast. The proudest moments of man are when he is astride his favorite steed. The glory of the great generals whose armies have shaken continents would soon fade and perish in the imagination and romantic pride of the world were it not for the magnificent poise and grace of the imperishable equine reared aloft on the pedestal of fame, his proud mane eclipsed only by the golden braid of his master, each typical of their respective majesties.

We never cease to love his handsome form, to look upon his confident stride and to wonder at his strong and graceful step.



AL. JOHNSON, UP ON MORVICH
INSERT: MR. BENJAMIN BLOCK

Then, too, those kind and friendly eyes which ever bespeak a willing service and a gentle loyalty to his master.

He is recounted among the marvelous works of the Creator. God in his effort to tame the proud and defiant heart of disobedient man, asks, "Who gave to the horse his strength, and who clothed his neck with thunder? He paws in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength.

"He mocks at fear and turns not back from the sword. He is not afraid like the grasshopper. He does not give heed to the rattle of the quiver, the glitter of the spear and the sword. In defeat he will not hear the sound of the trumpet.

"He smells the battle afar off—the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Is it any surprise that an heir to whole realms should exclaim: "A horse, a horse—my kingdom for a horse!"

In this age of motive power when so many of the heavy burdens of the faithful horse are

being lifted, there should be a concerted effort on the part of man to exhalt and lift up on a higher plane the position of this most wonderful of all animals.

Have we not removed from our shoulders the weights of former years through the marvelous strides of science and invention? Have we not in our comforts kept pace with progress? Why should we hold in bondage longer this our beautiful friend—the horse? Will the scorpion lash of the cruel master ever cease?

The horse has a higher and richer function and heritage by the side of man in the process of the age.

It is a source of pride to look upon him when he is well kept, sleek and natty. See him prance, bite his bits and pitch his proud head, and with distended nostrils give vent to his feelings of freedom and strength!

There is not a more appreciative animal in the world than the horse. He will respond to

every kindness and give in return full measure and running over.

You pat him on the shoulder, smooth his forehead with gentle stroke and speak kind words to him. Two proud hearts in common!

Then too, there is the nobler breed with "all the line of his fathers known," the steeds whose pride is in the chase and in the thrill of the track.

The world will never grow so old as to forget the sensation and the glory of the fast moving steed, in the heat of rivalry as he "trots the air" and causes the earth to sing as he touches it with fleet, limbed and beautiful feet, racing around the course, bending against the rail at the third quarter, mounting as on wings, with each lengthened tread, pounding the earth as if it were the soft dalliance of the king's chariot way, stretching his flaming neck as if to nose his challenged right to the goal and the gong, coming forth in the last lap in the froth and foam and fury of his haste, dash-

ing over the line a victor in the midst of the wild and tumultuous throng rending anew the welkin with the din of applause and strident but muffled music of the band!

He comes back before the stand, dancing and prancing. He seems to bow and acknowledge with grateful pause the grand display of effulgent praise. His energy is spent. The victory is won. The fond caress of his master is sweet.

When the great Creator bestowed on man the mastery and companionship of an equine so teachable, sympathetic, proud and so gloriously beautiful and graceful, he meant that man should enjoy the infinite delectation of an estate richly bequeathed but no less a solemn responsibilty assumed. The world notes with pride that great keepers and trainers of these matchless steeds are jealous to protect the world's greatest sport from the waste and depredation of the race track mongrel of former years who not only shamed the world but

humbled the horse.

Under the administration of men whose ethics are unblemished and whose honesty is unquestioned, the king of all sports will assume its place for the season under auspices of good omen, with MORVICH to the fore, "whose pace is as swift as light," and whose glory is in his dark eyes, his flowing mane and tread of his noble feet.

—WILLIAM T. AMIS.

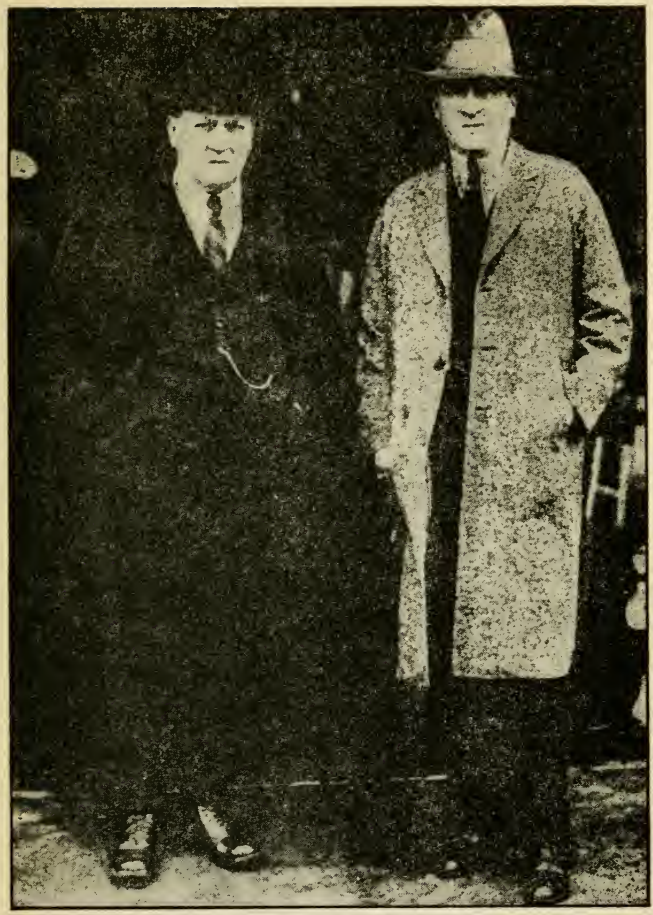
MORVICH
The Wonder Horse

PART I

COLTHOOD

Well do I remember the day when I was named. Up to that time I had been merely a nameless colt running in pasture beside my mother, Hymir. It was a day of shadows and sunshine, the winter rains had brought the grass of the pasture to a lush green, the ground was spongy beneath my feet, the blood dancing in my veins.

I know now that I must have seemed an awkward sight to the two men who came down into the wide pasture. But up to that time the stableboys and other humans with whom I had to deal had not paid me much attention. I was not aware that I differed radically in ap-



Left to Right: Mr. Frederick Burlew, Trainer of Morvich; Mr. Block

pearance from other colts running by day in that flat country, under the California sunshine, there in Napa County, with now and then a strange salty tang from San Pablo Bay, not many miles distant, borne on the breeze.

They came across the pasture, halting now and then, while one of the pair would point a finger toward one or other of us colts, and the other would assign a name. I edged close to them, for my curiosity was aroused, and from what they said I understood that our owner, Mr. A. B. Spreckels, had neglected to regsiter us until the last moment, and that Bill Carroll, our trainer, had brought him to the pasture for the purpose of naming us.

"There's a beauty," said Spreckels, indicating a brown colt running by the side of Salvatrix.

"Yes," said the trainer, "sired by Runnymede. Same as that colt yonder."

He indicated me. Mr. Spreckels regarded me quizzically.

"Not much similarity," he said in a disap-

pointed tone." "Look at that fellow's lumpy knees."

"Yes," said the trainer, shaking his head, "I'm afraid he's the cull of the stable."

"Well, name him Morvich," said Mr. Spreckels. "I've been reading a Russian novel in which the hero, a twisted sort of fellow, bears that name. Perhaps the colt, Morvich, may come out from behind as the man Morvich did."

Old Bill Carroll shook his head doubtfully. "He'd have to go some," he said.

The beautiful colt who had the same father as I was named Runstar. That was my first indication that I was regarded disparagingly by humans. Later I was to have many far plainer evidences of it. As for Runstar, who had the same father as I, he became the pride of Spreckels' stables while I with my lumpy knees and my awkwardness, was looked down upon more and more. Ah, how I hated him, how I yearned to out-do him in some fashion

or other!

"Bide your time," advised Mother Hymir. "If there is anything in those funny legs of yours, your chance to beat Runstar in the only way open to a thoroughbred will come. He's a good-looking colt, but—beauty is as beauty does."

One other consolation I received was from Mose, a runty little Negro stable boy, himself a cull, who loved me, and used to sneak up to me sometimes with a lump of sugar or an apple core.

"Nothin' in a name, honey boy," he said one day. "Look at dat Johren."

Johren, it seems, was a colt in Harry Payne Whitney's stables at one time, the shaggiest, most unkempt colt imaginable. His coat would not come out even, nor take a shine. When it came time to name him for the thoroughbred register Mr. Whitney recalled an occasion when he had halted at a roadhouse for water for his car. It was a ramshackle place, down-

at-the-heels, and the proprietor appeared in keeping with his hostelry. His name was Johren.

"That colt," said Mr. Whitney, with a disgusted laugh, "Ho! He's Johren."

And Johren, Mose added, became one of the best three-year-olds of his year.

"Keep yo' head up, boy," said Mose. "Yo's got a strong hea't an' a even disposishun. 'At's what yo needs. Yo' jes wait. Yo'll beat 'em yit."

It was pretty hard for me to keep up my courage during the next year and a half, however, I can tell you. I was foaled at some period during 1919, and automatically became a year old the following New Year's Day. That's the way it is with us horses. The first of the year after our birth makes us yearlings. It was the time I was waiting for. Because, on becoming a yearling, my training would begin. And deep down within me something kept telling me: "Courage, my friend. You

have it in you to win."

Up to that time not much attention had been paid us colts. And, though slights had been put upon me because of my awkward appearance, yet there had been no great distinction made, for instance, between Runstar and myself. Now, however, I was to feel the iron enter into my soul. Ah, you laugh at that. But, believe me, my friends, when you see us horses come up to the barrier and flash away, and circle that track, you see something more than machines. You see the most perfect of living mechanisms, actuated by indomitable will. I have seen the gamesters leaning over the rail, avarice, greed, despair in their eyes as we flash by, and if they have souls, why not we?

Now that I was a yearling my dark hour really began. For when I was taken out with Runstar and the other yearlings, and the trainer ran his hands over my legs and chest, my shoulders and neck, he snorted with disgust.

"Well, you can't expect to get a real horse

every time. Put him in the second stable."

And into the second stable I went, while Runstar went into the first. Is there anything more disheartening to a young horse? Here, right at the start of his career, he is placed with the cast-offs, the geldings, the selling platers, the horses that have never won a race in many starts or that did not show sufficient fire for stud.

And there I stayed for a year, receiving scant consideration to that lavished upon the promising yearlings in the first stable. I was broken to saddle. It did not take long. And then various exercise boys mounted me and took me out on the great track for trials. That track was a beauty, as finely kept as any racing association track, harrowed continually, cared for like milady's complexion. Such tracks are the rule at all the great racing stables. And around it the boys would send me for a furlong while some one clocked my time.

I was a disappointment. I could see that.

The truth is, I tried so hard to please those boys, to win their love, prancng and playing, that I just could not settle down to business. I would do a furlong in 24, and that is no time at all. If a young horse does it in 21, then the trainer says: "There is a horse. We must condition him." But if he does it in 24, he says: "Nothing to him. We'll sell him presently for his keep."

Runstar was a beautiful chestnut horse by now. I could see him, now and then mettlesome, flashing through his furlong in 20. Ah, how I yearned to beat him. And when I would hear the trainer or the stable boys talking about Runstar I would quiver all over with determination. I would beat him yet.

At last came the spring of 1921. I was a two-year-old now, according to horse age, and eligible to race. So was Runstar, the pride of the stables. The pair of us, favorite and cull, were put in the box cars and started on our long journey eastward, over the deserts, over the

mountains, over the rich, green fields of the middle country, to that distant eastern land where the thoroughbred was king.

Because of my defective knees and unimpressive workouts, my masters decided to enter me in the Suffolk Selling Stakes at Jamaica on the opening day, May 6. They would sell me if they could. The betting odds, influenced by reports from California about my trials were 30 to 1 on me, and before the race began they went to 50 to 1. Even then, not even for sentimental reasons, would any of the Spreckels stable connections place a bet upon me.

Jockey Metcalfe was up. He had ridden me once or twice before. I knew him for a cool hand, who would not use the whip unless compelled to. There was something electrical in the situation. What, I did not know. It was something that affected me alone. I said to myself I would win that race, or die of a broken heart.

Red Tom was the favorite, a chestnut colt

by His Majesty out of Burlesque, and owned by William Daniel. There was a field of twelve. Ah, how my heart was afire as we nosed up to the barrier. If only Runstar had been there. But, failing that, I would beat Red Tom. And I kept an eye upon him and sidled close.

The barrier lifted. A sharp cheer, a spattering of handclapping, and we were off. This was a race, the first of my life. It was not play. There was no time now for prancing to win anybody's heart. I was in a race with eleven good horses. Now was my chance. And, strangely enough, I seemed to hear the voice of Mose, the old Negro runt of my colthood, saying: "Yo's got a stout heart. Le's go."

I went.

In six strides I had taken the lead from them all. Red Tom, the favorite, chased me three furlongs, then died on his feet. He finished eleventh, next to last, beaten more than twenty-five lengths. Brush Boy, Dolly

Varden, and Superillusion ran a good race. But none could touch me. My chance had come at last.

I won by ten lengths.

Part II

UNDEFEATED

What pride was mine, what joy, what elation, as I returned to the stables after winning the Suffolk Stakes that May day back in 1921. Victory is sweet in any case, but doubly sweet it was to me, who had been regarded as the cull of the stables, a horse upon which it was not worth venturing a dollar in that race, even though the odds stood at 50 to 1.

Ah, thought I, prancing a little for very delight in life, now those humans who were my masters would change their opinion of me. Now they would no longer regard me as awkward, so ungainly, with such great knees, that I could never become a racehorse. Their eyes would be opened. At the very least they would regard me as a freak horse, built not on the trimmest lines, perhaps, yet able to run

just the same. For had I not beaten eleven promising colts, won a purse of $3,950 for my masters and won by ten lengths?

Alas, I was to learn that once an opinion was formed, humans were slow to change. Later, when men took my career as a text and gossiped about this trait in themselves, I was to hear many stories. Even James Rowe, the veteran trainer of Mr. Whitney's stables and the greatest in America, I have heard it said, let young horses go for the price of their keep, which later developed into $50,000 racers. And once a man said:

"Same way in everything. Men can't always tell who's going to be a winner. Take opera stars. Six years ago Mme. Galli-Curci couldn't get an engagement singing at the Hippodrome because they said she was too homely, and Gatti-Casazza wouldn't pay her even $100 a week at the Metropolitan because, he said, she had no voice. Today she's one of the queens of opera, and he pays her $2,500 a

performance."

But this folly of men's minds was not known to me then. I had won. I, the cull of the stables. Now they would accord me that respect, that love, that care so dear to the racer's heart. So, thought I, prancing back to the stables from my first start, my first victory.

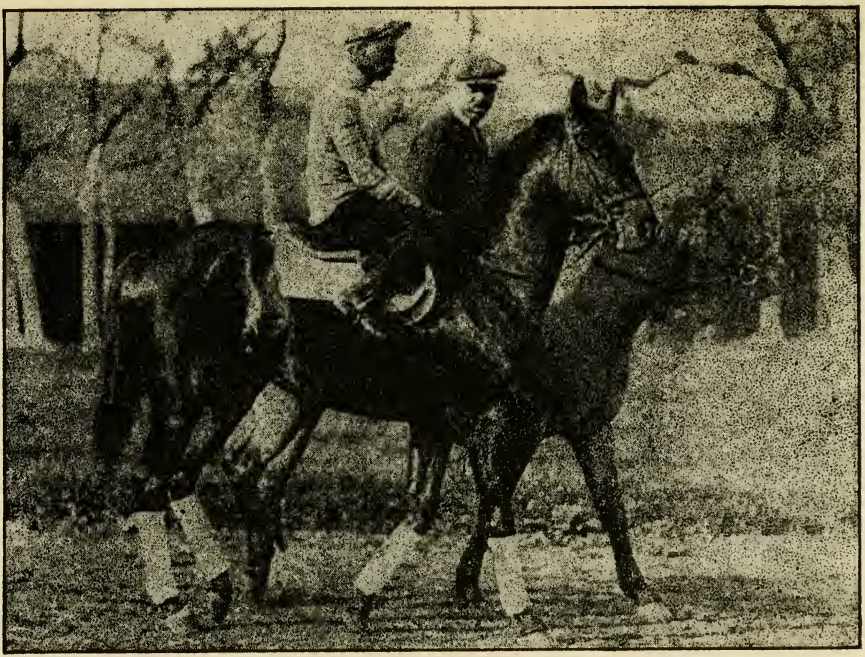
Instead there was a little self-gratulation on having won, but no material change in their attitude toward me. I was a poor horse in their opinion. My victory merely made it possible to get a little better price for me. For to sell me they still were resolved. And two days later I was sold from the Spreckels' stables to Max Hirsch, an owner and trainer, for $4,500.

That was a bad time for me. For, look you, my friend, one cannot be wounded in his self-respect and take delight in it. Indeed, I moped a bit. Yet hardly had I been moved from one stable to another, there at the Jamaica track, than I was sold again, without having run a race for my second owner. And this time, too,

I became more deeply despondent. Why not? I knew from stable conversation that there is a race of men who deal in race horses as in stocks and bonds, for speculative purposes only. I had won a race; it was worth gambling a bit upon me. And so I was sold to Fred Burlew for $7,500.

And yet when this newest owner sent me to the barrier there at Jamaica May 16, ten days after my first race, there was nothing in my heart except once more a desire to win, to prove myself anew, and so, perhaps, to earn that master's love for which I craved. Jockey Ensor rode me. And I was off to a long lead and never let down. A month later, June 17 to be exact, I ran again under Jockey Keogh at Aqueduct, outclassed the field, and won galloping.

So far I had run against only indifferent horses. They were beautiful, some of them possessing all the graceful lines I was said to lack. But they were not the class of racers,



MORVICH IN FOREGROUND WITH STABLE BOY UP. OTHER FIGURE THAT OF CHARLEY WHITE, MORVICH'S ASSISTANT TRAINER

and I yearned to try my mettle against the stars. Ah, if I could only match myself against Runstar, that pride of the stables where my colthood was spent, that picture horse upon whom was lavished every care, while I went unregarded!

The chance was to come, but not yet.

Meanwhile my race in the Greenfield Stakes had made a strong impression upon a man who never before had owned a horse. This was Benjamin Block, my present owner, who always had been interested in racing, but merely as a spectator. He bought a half interest in me from Mr. Burlew, and later acquired full control, retaining Mr. Burlew as trainer.

I have heard him say he was attracted to me by the way in which I ran the Greenfield. On a slow track, I dashed to the front after being beaten away from the barrier, and won by five lengths from a speedy field, just galloping at the end.

"I have always wanted to own a horse," I

have heard Mr. Block say, "but I did not want one on my hands who was not a real racer. I had many chances to become an owner, of course, but never accepted them until I saw Morvich."

Ah, but that was what I needed. That was the kind of talk to ease me of the growing bitterness so foreign to me. For, naturally, I am of a sunny disposition, and with such talk in my ears how I did run after that. The next three races, all unimportant, I took without the least bit of trouble. They were an ordinary, over-night condition affair at Aqueduct, July 2; the Sparkhill Purse at Empire City, July 9, and a condition race at the same track, July 20.

The next month I was taken to the Saratoga track. This time I travelled as a thoroughbred should travel, with trainer, exercise boy and special detective. I was becoming a horse of some importance. My races had been only ordinary ones so far, but my owners had high hopes of me. So high, indeed, that on the eve

of my first important race, the United States Hotel Stakes, Mr. Block bought out his partner's half interest at a reported price of $35,000. I was a $70,000 horse. I, the cull. What would Runstar say to that? And where was he? Would I meet him at Saratoga? Ah, if I could only find him in a race against me.

Before that race, the United States Hotel Stakes, began, the odds on me in the betting books opened at 8 to 5 and went to 2 to 1. In this liberal price there was an implied slight on me. At least my owner so considered. He resented it. Never a heavy bettor, he now bet $10,000 on me at 8 to 5. When he heard the price had gone to 2 to 1 he sent his commissioners another $10,000, but before it could be placed the price was shortened.

"Bet the money at whatever price you can get," ordered Mr. Block. "I'll teach 'em to recognize a good horse when they see him."

I ran that race, worth close to $10,000, with a similar resolve in my heart. I, too,

would teach them to know a good horse when they saw him. There were some good horses against me, Kai-Sang, Oil Man and Sir Hugh, the best of the lot. Pegasus and Sunreigh also were excellent. As I have said, it was my first important race. And, though, I got away well from the post, yet I was so much on edge, so eager to win, not to make a mistake, that I took things easy at first, too easy, perhaps, the stands might have considered. I was slow to begin. Ah, but they did not know me. With the field ahead, I came up like a thunder-bolt on the inside, drove through the ruck, took the lead and fought out the last furlong neck-and-neck with Kai-Sang, who had the great Jockey Earl Sande up. Kai-Sang held on well, but I stood the long drive gamely and won.

A week later came the Saratoga Special, worth $9,500, and again I won. It was a repetition of the former race. Then, for more than two weeks, there was no racing for me. I was being conditioned for the great race of the meet,

to be held Aug. 31, the closing day, the Hopeful Stakes.

The day of the great race dawned bright and clear, but the track was reported slow. That was the first sign of luck in a day that was filled with them, for while some racers break their hearts on a slow track I have the wind and the heart to plough through. Call it gameness, call it what you will. I run my best when there are obstacles to be overcome. And, on this point, too, I have heard men talk outside my stall, saying it was so with humans, that those travelled the farthest who travelled the hardest roads in their youth.

Another sign of luck was the shortening of the price against me to 6 to 5 and 13 to 10. But, greatest sign of luck of all, was the announcement that Runstar would be entered against me. At last. At last I would have my chance to fight it out with that young fellow whose handsome graces had won the hearts of the stables where I was born, that favorite of

the family in which I had been the ugly duckling.

There were other good horses against me for this race carried a purse of $34,000. Kai-Sang was in again and I must not neglect to identify him as the pride of Mr. Harry Sinclair's Rancocas stables and a fine horse. And there were Bunting and Whiskaway from the Whitney stables; Sunreigh, the Kilmer stable pet; Violinist, Mr. Bud Fisher's best—good horses all. But Runstar! Ah, he was the only horse in the race for me. The others might as well not have been present.

I started with a terrific pace, and a great roar went up from the stands. There should be no dallying here, no delay on my part while the field went ahead that I might look them over. A terrific pace, and I never drew up. I was never headed, and won easily, galloping. And when I passed the judge's stand Runstar was ten lengths behind.

My racing season was nearing an end. We

travelled south in style and on Sept. 21 I won the $7,000 Eastern Shore Handicap at Havre de Grace and Nov. 5, at Pimlico, scored my eleventh and last victory in the Pimlico Futurity, winning $42,750, which brought my total winnings for the season to $115,285 in eleven races.

Runstar during the same period started nine times, won three races, was third in one, finished unplaced in five. He won a total of $5,301. Compare our records for the season, my friend, those of the pride of the stable and cast-off, the cull.

But, as I have said, man does not always know beforehand who will be the winner. If he did, why, there would be no race horses.

Part III

DERBY DAY

This is the eve of Derby Day.

I am stabled at Churchill Downs, not far from the city of Louisville, Kentucky. This is the very heart and capital of all the Blue Grass Region where since Daniel Boone and his fellow pioneers first followed the Wilderness Trail through Cumberland Gap from the Eastern Shore, the horse has been king. Through all the dark years when the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds languished in other parts of the country, when legislatures and purity leagues combined to close the great tracks, racing has been kept alive here. For fifty years the annual American classic of the turf, the Kentucky Derby, has been run here. Tomorrow it will be run again and—I will be out to win it.

I, Morvich, the Awkward, the cast-off, the cull of other days.

Where are the others?

Where is Red Tom? Where is Kai-Sang? And, above all, where is Runstar? There is no answer to that question. There can be none. Those picture horses have been left behind in the race. It is I, the cull, who have gone up.

I tell you, my friend, my feelings are rather varied on this occasion. As I stand in my stall, here on the edge of this vast race course, where tomorrow all the fashion and beauty of the South will be gathered under the sunshine, but which tonight is empty and dark and tenanted only by the ghosts of great horses of the past who have run their course and gone on, here I am inclined to solemn thought.

I have no fears for the morrow. I shall run to win. That is all that counts. If there is a better horse than I, he will know at least that he has been in a horse race. But there is a nameless something stirring in me. I know

not how to describe it. Yet I suppose all fighters experience it on the eve of great battles—the veteran of the ring, the soldier in the trench.

Ah, how I thank my stars tonight for the blood that is in me, for from it in all likelihood I derive the equable disposition which has brought me unshaken through all the stress of a tumultuous though brief career. With us thoroughbreds, you know, there is always the danger of too close inbreeding. The great strains are not many. Breeders must watch very carefully to keep them far enough apart, else will the foals be fractious, excitable, prone to sickness of one kind and another, unbalanced. But, fortunately for me, my sire, Runnymede, and my dam, Hymir, were further apart in relationship than most.

And I need all that balance, all that equanimity which marks me, now. Up at Jamaica, some ten days ago, when I was being given my early workouts on the track, some

stories of the Derby reached me. For one thing, it was common talk among horsemen that the race was too early in the year for three-year-olds, and that those who ran a great race in the Derby broke afterward and were little good for racing again. For another it was said the distance of a mile and a quarter was too much for me. It is true I have never raced that distance but my final workout before we left Jamaica a week ago was over a distance of a mile and a furlong and I did it in 1:58.

As for the statement that the three-year-olds break after the Derby that is not as true as might be. Great three-year-olds, if they return to the track for further racing, are placed under increasing handicap. Each race they win, the handicap grows. Rather, therefore, than permit them to be broken by carrying grievous weight, owners frequently withdraw great horses in order to put them to stud and thus perpetuate the strain.

But, as I look through the wire screen of my

stall, upon which is the brass plate, bearing my name and those of my dam and sire, out over the silent downs, vast and shadowy and deserted with the great stands looming large beneath the moonlight in the distance, I take heart of hope from a reflection or two. And, principally, I am thinking of what little Mose, that little darky stableboy of my early days, used to whisper to me: "Yo-all's got de stout hea't, Honey Boy. Dat's wot wins de race."

Ah, how true that is. Perhaps you who watch the horses run are of the opinion that the speediest horse wins, other things being even. That is not true. The race is not always to the swift. A racer has got to have speed and endurance, of course, but above all else he must have class. And class is naught more or less than stoutheartedness.

We are out there, racing. One horse leads. Another thunders up behind him. "Come on, boy, come on!" The roar from the stands sweeps out across infield and track. The heart

of the leading horse, an animal so sensitive that he thrills to the touch of a lady's glove, beats suffocatingly. That shouting from the stands; that thunder of hoof beats behind. Ah, he cannot stand this! He must pull up. And, speedier though he may be, the stouter-hearted wins.

And I remember what I once heard of that famous race between Man-o'-War and John P. Grier. Until he met the latter, Man-o'-War had never been given a real race. But when he ran alone against Mr. Whitney's great horse, they thundered neck and neck around the rail and started neck and neck down the home stretch, with not so much room between the tips of their noses as would show daylight. Yet, Man-o'-War won. Speedier? Perhaps. More likely he was merely the stouter-hearted.

Well, I have the class—the stout heart. Never yet have I become fractious or excitable in the paddock before a race. Never have I gone on the track that I did not come to the

barrier without giving my jockey any trouble. I have pranced a little at times. Who would not, out there in the sunshine, with the band playing, and amidst that gay scene?

Gay scene? It is quiet enough here now. Here and there a light gleams in the dark enshrouded stables. Along the stalls come the occasional snores of exercise and horse boys. Outside I can hear the low voices of my Charley White and little Al Johnson. They are talking about me, I know, though I cannot hear what they say. But let them talk. There is nothing but love in their hearts for me. Charley is my assistant trainer, the man who brought me in a box car from Jamaica to the Downs a week ago. He is a light-colored Negro, and, oh, how he knows and understands a horse.

"Morvich, run!" I heard him say the other day. "Huh. He could beat de Sperits."

As for little Al, he rode me in the Pimlico Futurity, my last race last fall. I know him. He knows me. He is not a jockey with a great

name as yet, and for that I am thankful. When we run the Derby tomorrow, my friend, I do not want upon me a jockey of thirty years who has made his quarter million. Such a one hears little voices whisper to him when there comes a little hole in the ruck ahead. "Pull wide, pull wide," these little voices say, "you have made your name and fortune. Live to enjoy them. Why take a chance at this late day on being spilled and put out of the game for life?" So he pulls wide, and the race is lost. The horse was willing, but not the boy. No; give me the ambitious youngster, with all the world ahead, name and fortune to be made. He will send me into that hole, his heart as stout as mine, and we will go through.

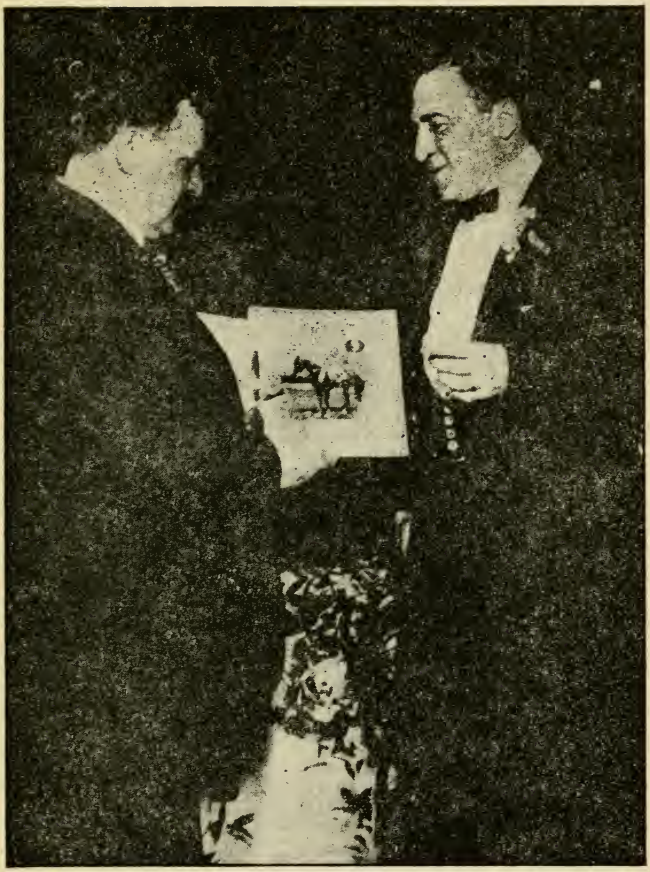
Their voices die away; naught comes now but an occasional snore from a stableboy, or the movement of some horse in his stall; the scattered lights in the stables go out one by one; the night grows late; it is time for me to give over these reflections and get some

sleep against the morrow.

Tomorrow? It will be the greatest day of my career. Whether I climb the heights or go down fighting, I shall run the greatest race there is in me. That I know.

I have never seen a Derby Day, but I know what to expect, for naught else has been talked of this week in the stables. The great folks from all the South, from Mobile, Richmond, New Orleans, Charleston—from all the manors of the Eastern Shore and the baronies of Virginia and Kentucky, where great horses are bred, will come by motor car and special train. All day long today the sportsmen of the East and West and North, likewise, have been rolling into Louisville. Every hotel room is filled, every boarding house. Private homes have thrown open their hospitable doors to guests. There is feasting and revelry in Louisville tonight.

And tomorrow all these humans will pack the stands, surge through the paddock, and



MR. BURLEW AND MR. BLOCK AT MORVICH VICTORY DINNER

crowd the outside rail. Upon the warm and languid air the bands will pour out their madness. The stands will look like a great and living bouquet, with color running riot. In the boxes of the clubhouse gallery will be the most beautiful women in America. Women and horses—ah! the South knows the combination. Thousands of motor cars will be packed in the outfield, the dust of many States upon them, for they will have come a long way to Derby Day. And the infield, the prettiest in America, with its blooming flower beds, will bear in flowers, opposite the judges' stand, the name of last year's Derby winner: "Behave Yourself." Will it be "Morvich" next year?

What do I care how great the horses I shall meet? It is I who go in as favorite. I, Morvich, the cull, the California horse—the first from the Far West to come East and perform well, thus violating the Eastern tradition that California climate cannot produce great horses that can stand the heavier air of these low, hot

lands of the East—I go in the favorite.

The hour is late. Battle comes with dawn. Wish me luck. I shall sleep upon my arms.

Part IV

VICTORY

The tumult and the shouting have died away. It is all over. The great Kentucky Derby has been run. And I am back in my stall. Ah, my friend, but you should have been with me in that race.

Day dawned clear and warm, and the track at Churchill Downs was reported lightning-fast. I could see it out there, all brown and smooth, harrowed and picked clean. Beyond it lay the infield. All were deserted in the early morning hours, but during that period there were other matters to think about. The stables where we thoroughbreds entered to run in the Derby and the races preceding were housed, were all astir with bustling horse boys, feeding, watering and grooming us; trainers examining us critically for possible injuries

needing attention; owners and others loitering in knots and talking of the coming race.

The race? Yes, for there was only one discussed—the Derby. The entries finally had come down to ten. Some of the best horses were said to be out of it, horses picked to give me the hardest competition. Ah, but is it not always like that? When one has done his best and won, they say: "Yes, but it would have been different, there would have been another tale to tell, if Thus and So had been opposed."

Yet, of the ten of us left, we were the class of three-year-olds. And it was I who was the favorite—I, Morvich, the ugly duckling of the stable where I was born. Favorite, indeed; yet still men could not bring themselves to believe in me because of my thick foreknees and overlengthy hind legs. "No, he has won his races so far through some freak of fate;" they said, "now he will meet the classiest horses of the American turf. This will be different." And so, favorite though I was, I was held odds

on in the betting, at 4 to 5 or even money.

Of this I learned through Mr. Block, my owner, and Mr. Burlew, my trainer. They spoke of it outside my stall.

"All my money is on him to win," declared Mr. Block. "And today, throughout America, wherever there are hearts that beat for gameness, they are betting on Morvich. I venture to say there are millions bet upon him. This will be the greatest moneyed race in history. The ugly duckling is out to win, and those who love the man who comes from behind are betting on him."

And Mr. Burlew replied: "He'll win."

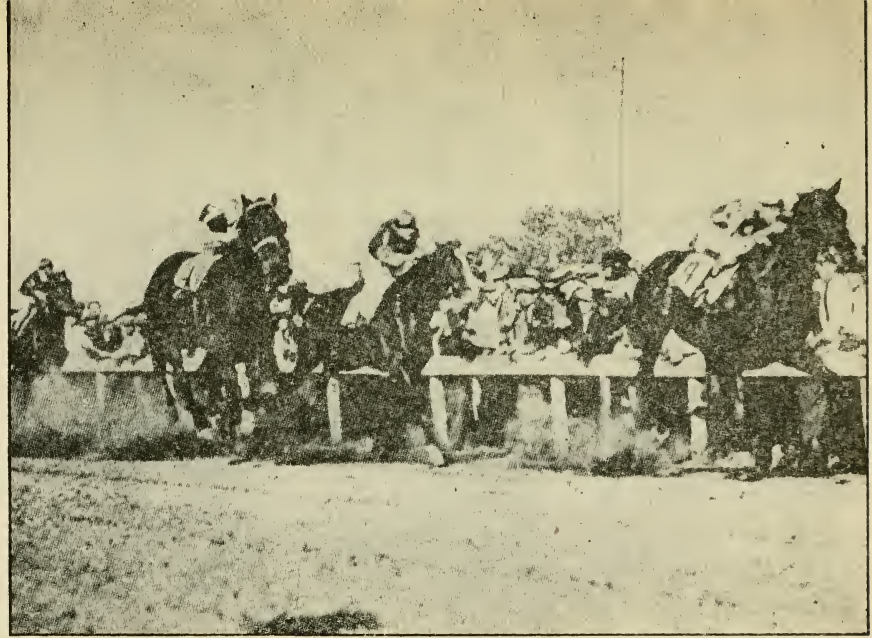
Ah, there is a trainer. In conditioning me for this race, he had violated many traditions. Only once, and that a few days before, had he run me the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter. For the ease of my training he had been criticised. And wise and shrewd judge of horses though he is, I knew he was under great strain as the Derby hour approached.

There is between sensitive horses and sensitive men a kinship that transcends the need for language. What one feels is known to the other. It was so with us.

Presently, then, the motor cars began arriving, the stands to fill up. And then we were taken to the paddock. The lesser races were run. Of them I knew nothing, except that horses departed from the paddock, sharp cheers rent the air, the thud of hoofs came back from the track, a gong clanged, and horses returned.

But at length, after long waiting, the Derby hour struck. It was late, nearing five o'clock. But the air was warm, the sun bright.

Ah, my friend, how describe to you the feeling that animated me as little Al Johnson, my jockey, rode me to the barrier? Beautiful women filled the club house boxes. The stands were densely packed and ablaze with many colors, for these Kentucky women are not afraid to put on gaiety at a fete. And as we moved along the track, it could be seen there were



MORVICH WINNING THE 1922 KENTUCKY DERBY AT CHURCHILL DOWNS, KY., BY AN OPEN LENGTH

dense masses of men packing the outer rail to and beyond the quarter pole. In the infield were thousands upon thousands of lesser folk. Indeed, someone said there were 50,000 there, and that Governor Morrow of the State was taking the occasion to address them upon naught other than the subject of myself—my career.

Ah, but when I appeared on the track, you should have heard the clamor. It seemed to me it would rend the heavens above, or shatter my ears. Sweeter music was never heard. How now expect the Governor to hold attention. "Morvich! Morvich!" was the cry from all sections.

And up in the clubhouse, in his box, sat Mr. Block, cold to all outward appearance, but a gleam in his eye all the same. And somewhere near was Mr. Burlew, surrounded by friends, and the one glimpse I caught of him showed him far from cool, though keeping himself in hand.

That parade to the post. How describe it? One must see such things to know what they are like. There were ten of us, thoroughbreds, the class of the turf, and let nobody tell you we did not know it. What beautiful things they were, those other horses. I could not help admiring them, even envying them a little, their grace and perfection of form. Yet it was I who was Morvich, the Unbeaten; I, the least well-favored of them all. Ah, well, so it goes often in life, I have heard men say.

Ahead of us out of the paddock moved the crimson-coated trumpeter. Behind him went John Finn, a great horse, then the filly, Startle, then My Play, then I. My Play? Yes, full brother to the great Man-o'-War, the Wonder Horse of 1920, with whom my name has been coupled. And to myself I said: "If you cannot have Man-o'-War to race against, at least you shall have his full brother, and we will see what can be done."

What a horse was My Play to look upon.

He filled the eye. He pranced, knowing well the import of his family name. Busy American, heavily bandaged on the nigh foreleg because of a bowed tendon, yet prancing, full of spirit; Surf Rider, so fractious he had to be led to the post—ah, we all knew we were to be in a race. As for myself, I was not at all nervous, I knew what was expected of me, and with teeth crunching the bits, pulling for my head, I went soberly along.

Yet, at the post I wanted to be off at once. This would not do. There had to be perfect alignment. Several times I darted forward. Finally, one of the starter's assistants took my head, and held me thus until the barrier lifted. We were off!

"Boy," said little Al, leaning forward to my ear; "they want us to ride this race to win." He had to hold me in.

Yet the race was won in the first hundred yards. For in that distance I was free and clear of the field, I had the rail, and there could be

no jam or piling up on the turns.

I covered that first furlong in a little under eleven, killed the field at the start, and took the fight and heart out of all those picture horses. First one and then another of the field would forge ahead and try to come up with me. But each who thus bid for fame held on but a little while, then fell away. Behind, I could hear whip being plied as we came into the stretch, and I knew those beautiful horses were being given whip and spur in the endeavor to force them up to my race. But no whip ever touched me. And I would have run faster had it been necessary, but little Al never let my head out, even in the stretch, but always held me in. Perhaps he will be criticised for not trying to break the Derby time, but he had orders to ride a "win race" and that he did.

As for breaking records, many a horse has been driven to do that, and has never run again. Last year John P. Grier at the Aqueduct, I have heard it said, was ridden at a

terrific pace in his race with Man-o'-War. On the home stretch there was a time even when he got his nose ahead of the greater horse. But he has never raced since. That pace is killing on a racer.

And so I came home, just galloping, at the end. I had taken the lead, I was never headed, and I won by two lengths.

That is all. It is over now. Whatever else I shall do, whatever laurels I shall receive in other races, cannot compare to this:

That I, the ugly duckling, the horse sold four times before an owner could be found who would put faith in me, ran undefeated through a season and won the Derby crown.

(THE END)

48th KENTUCKY DERBY—MAY 13, 1922—MORVICH

$50,000 added, also $5,000 gold cup and $2,000 other gold trophies. 3-year-olds. Weight for age. Net value to winner, $46,775; second, $6,000; third, $3,000; fourth, $1,000. 92 Nominations.

Horse	Eqt	Wt	PP	St	½	¾	1	Str	Fin	Jockey	Owner	Odds	$1 Str't
Morvich	w	126	4	2	1½	1½	1½	1½	1½	Johnson	B Block		1.20
Bet Mosie	w	126	7	8	8½	6³	5½	4¹	2h	Burke	Idle Hour Stock Farm		†2.90
John Finn	ws	126	1	4	5¹	5¹	6²	2h	3¹	Pool	G F Baker		22.60
Deadlock	w	126	6	6	4¹	4½	4½	3h	4⁴	Mooney	R H Shannon		6.90
My Play	w	126	3	1	2h	2h	3¹	5²	5⁴	Rob'son	Lexington Stable		19.05
Letterman	w	126	9	9	7½	7½	7¹	7¹	6¹	Rice	Greentree Stable		24.80
Surf rider	wb	126	8	7	6¹	8¹	8½	8¹	7½	Scobie	Montfort Jones		35.75
Startle	w	121	2	3	3²	3¹	2h	6½	8nk	Connelly	H H Hewitt		13.90
By Gosh	w	126	10	10	9	9	9	9	9	Barnes	Idle Hour Stock Farm		†2.90
Busy Amer'n	wb	126	5	5	Broke down.					Barrett	Idle Hour Stock Farm		†2.90

†Coupled in betting as Idle Hour Stock Farm Stable entry.

Time, :23⅘, :47⅗, 1:13, 1:39⅕, 2:04⅗. Track fast.

$2 Mutuels Paid—Morvich, $4.40 straight, $4.30 place, $3.50 show; E. R. Bradley's Idle Hour Stock Farm Stable entry (Bet Mosie, By Gosh and Busy American), $2.90 place, $2.70 show; John Finn, $6.60 show.

Winner—Br. c, by Runnymede—Hymir, by Dr. Leggo, trained by F. Burlew; bred by A. B. Spreckels.

WENT TO POST—4:50. OFF AT 4:53.

Start good and slow. Won easily; second and third driving. Morvich ran as if he outclassed the others, was kept in the lead under hard restraint for the first mile and drew away in the stretch to win under a pull. Bet Mosie was ridden wide on the turns and lost much ground, but closed a big gap and finished gamely. John Finn raced prominently all the way and finished resolutely. Deadlock raced well, but tired in the last quarter. My Play ran well, but finished quite lame. Startle was done after going three-quarters. Busy American broke down in the first quarter.

Scratched—Banker Brown, 126.

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Supplement

Publisher's Note—Morvich was retired in 1922 and from the outset of his career in the stud was remarkably successful. He sired a very high percentage of Stake Winners.

Morvich stood at Haylands Farm, in Kentucky, near Lexington. He held court there for 17 years. He was under the care of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, who also cared for Man-o'-War.

Morvich, a Kentucky Derby Winner, Dead

Los Angeles, Jan. 27, (AP)—Morvich, California-bred horse which won the Kentucky Derby in 1922, died yesterday at the Ad Astra ranch in nearby San Fernando valley. At stud for the last six years, Morvich was 27 years old. He was owned by Arthur Mosse.

Last February we received a letter from Mr. Arthur Mosse of Van Nuys, California, and among

other things he wrote is the following:

"Now I will put you right about the ownership of Morvich.

"I did not own the horse. He was still owned by the man who raced him, Benjamin Block. Morvich had been for some time in the care of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield of Lexington, Ky. Miss Daingerfield used to be in charge of Man-o'-War, and as she knew my daughter, Justine, she asked her if she would not like to bring Morvich to California so he could end his days on his native heath. Justine therefore went right back about Christmas, 7 years ago, with a heavy trailer hitched to a light car and hauled Morvich out here in the snow and ice, sometimes only making 40 miles a day, but unloading the horse every night.

"I took care of the old horse most of the time. He was the sweetest stallion I ever saw. I could put my arms around his head and my cheek on his forehead. He was very happy here, and when I took him in and out with only a halter on him, he would frisk around like a colt.

"He did just that his last morning. He felt fine. I could always tell that from the way he acted. However, he used to roll in a certain spot every morning, and it hurt him to do so. Made him groan. I was sitting in the house one morning, after having

all my work done, and all the horses out there eating hay. I heard Morvich groan, and when he kept on groaning, I hurried out to see what the trouble was and there he was all stretched out in his favorite spot. I just got there in time to hold his head while he drew his last breath.

"I sure felt then, and still feel that I had lost one of the family.

"Someone in Kentucky had fed Morvich mouldy clover hay, and he had the heaves. That will, as a rule, kill a horse in a short while. But Morvich was a horse with a great heart and he had the will to live. Of course he had the best feed we could give him, and we got the heaves down so he breathed easier, but he was living on borrowed time for years. Morvich died on Saturday morning, January 26, 1946."

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR MOSSE.

KENTUCKY DERBY RESULTS
ACCURATE—AUTHENTIC—OFFICIAL

Date	Winner	Jockey	Wt.	Second	Third	Subscrib's	Starters	Value to Winner	Time	Track
May 17, 1875	Aristides	Lewis	100	Volcano	Verdigris	42	15	$ 2,850	2:37¾	Fast
May 15, 1876	Vagrant	Swim	97	Creedmoor	Harry Hill	34	11	2,950	2:38¼	Fast
May 22, 1877	Baden Baden	Walker	100	Leonard	King William	41	11	3,300	2:38	Fast
May 21, 1878	Day Star	Carter	100	Himyar	Leveler	56	9	4,050	2:37¼	Good
May 20, 1879	Lord Murphy	Schauer	100	Falsetto	Strathmore	46	9	3,550	2:37	Fast
May 18, 1880	Fonso	G. Lewis	105	Kimball	Bancroft	47	5	3,800	2:37½	Fast
May 17, 1881	Hindoo	J. McLaughlin	105	Lelex	Alfambra	62	6	4,410	2:40	Fast
May 16, 1882	Apollo	Hurd	102	Runnymede	Bengal	64	14	4,560	2:40¼	Good
May 23, 1883	Leonatus	W. Donohue	105	Drake Carter	Lord Raglan	50	7	3,760	2:43	Heavy
May 16, 1884	Buchanan	I. Murphy	110	Loftin	Audrain	51	9	3,990	2:40¼	Good
May 14, 1885	Joe Cotton	Henderson	110	Bersan	Ten Booker	69	10	4,630	2:37¼	Good
May 14, 1886	Ben Ali	P. Duffy	118	Blue Wing	Free Knight	107	10	4,890	2:36½	Fast
May 11, 1887	Montrose	I. Lewis	118	Jim Gore	Jacobin	119	7	4,200	2:39¼	Fast
May 14, 1888	Macbeth II	Covington	115	Gallifet	White	95	7	4,740	2:38¼	Fast
May 9, 1889	Spokane	Kiley	118	Proctor Knott	Once Again	94	8	4,880	2:34½	Fast
May 14, 1890	Riley	I. Murphy	118	Bill Letcher	Robespierre	115	6	5,460	2:45	Heavy
May 13, 1891	Kingman	I. Murphy	122	Balgowan	High Tariff	83	4	4,550	2:52¼	Good
May 11, 1892	Azra	A. Clayton	122	Huron	Phil Dwyer	68	3	4,230	2:41½	Heavy
May 10, 1893	Lookout	Kunze	122	Plutus	Boundless	60	6	3,840	2:39¼	Fast
May 15, 1894	Chant	Goodale	122	Pearl Song	Sigurd	55	5	4,020	2:41	Fast
May 6, 1895	Halma	Perkins	122	Basso	Laureate	57	4	3,140	2:37¼	Fast
May 6, 1896	†Ben Brush	Simms	117	Ben Eder	Semper Ego	171	8	4,850	2:07¾	Slow
May 12, 1897	Typhoon II	Garner	117	Ornament	Dr. Catlett	159	6	4,850	2:12½	Heavy
May 4, 1898	Plaudit	Simms	117	Lieber Karl	Isabey	179	4	4,850	2:09	Slow
May 4, 1899	Manuel	Taral	117	Corsini	Mazo	151	5	4,850	2:12	Fast
May 3, 1900	Lieutenant Gibson	Boland	117	Florizar	Thrive	131	7	4,850	2:06¼	Fast
April 29, 1901	His Eminence	Winkfield	117	Sannazarro	Driscoll	113	5	4,850	2:07¾	Fast
May 3, 1902	Alan-a-Dale	Winkfield	117	Inventor	The Rival	112	4	4,850	2:08¾	Fast
May 2, 1903	Judge Himes	H. Booker	117	Early	Bourbon	140	6	4,850	2:09	Fast
May 2, 1904	Elwood	Prior	117	Ed. Tierney	Brancas	140	5	4,850	2:08½	Fast
May 10, 1905	Agile	J. Martin	122	Ram's Horn	Layson	145	3	4,850	2:10¾	Heavy
May 2, 1906	Sir Huon	R. Troxler	117	Lady Navarre	James Reddick	110	6	4,850	2:08½	Fast
May 6, 1907	Pink Star	Minder	117	Zal	Ovelando	128	6	4,850	2:12⅗	Heavy
May 5, 1908	Stone Street	A. Pickens	117	Sir Cleges	Dunvegan	114	8	4,850	2:15⅘	Heavy
May 3, 1909	Wintergreen	V. Powers	117	Miami	Dr. Barkley	117	10	4,850	2:08⅕	Slow
May 10, 1910	Donau	F. Herbert	117	Joe Morris	Fighting Bob	117	7	4,850	2:06⅖	Fast

May 13, 1911	Meridian	G. Archibald	117	Governor Gray	Colston	117	7	4,850	2:05	Fast
May 11, 1912	Worth	C. H. Shilling	117	Duval	Flamma	131	8	4,850	2:09⅖	Muddy
May 10, 1913	Donerail	R. Goose	117	Ten Point	Gowell	32	8	5,475	2:04⅘	Fast
May 9, 1914	Old Rosebud	J. McCabe	114	Hodge	Bronzewing	47	7	9,125	2:03⅖	Fast
May 8, 1915	Regret	J. Notter	112	Pebbles	Sharpshooter	68	16	11,450	2:05⅖	Fast
May 13, 1916	George Smith	J. Loftus	117	Star Hawk	Franklin	56	9	9,750	2:04	Fast
May 12, 1917	*Omar Khayyam	C. Borel	117	Ticket	Midway	76	15	16,600	2:04⅗	Fast
May 11, 1918	Exterminator	W. Knapp	114	Escoba	Viva America	70	8	14,700	2:10⅘	Muddy
May 10, 1919	Sir Barton	J. Loftus	112	Billy Kelly	Under Fire	75	12	20,825	2:09⅘	Heavy
May 8, 1920	Paul Jones	T. Rice	126	Upset	On Watch	107	17	30,375	2:09	Slow
May 7, 1921	Behave Yourself	C. Thompson	126	Black Servant	Prudery	109	12	38,450	2:04⅕	Fast
May 13, 1922	Morvich	A. Johnson	126	Bet Mosie	John Finn	92	10	46,775	2:04⅗	Fast
May 19, 1923	Zev	E. Sande	126	Martingale	Vigil	145	21	53,600	2:05⅖	Fast
May 17, 1924	Black Gold	J. D. Mooney	126	Chilhowee	Beau Butler	152	19	52,775	2:05⅕	Fast
May 16, 1925	Flying Ebony	E. Sande	126	Captain Hal	Son of John	139	20	52,950	2:07⅗	Sloppy
May 15, 1926	Bubbling Over	A. Johnson	126	Bagenbaggage	Rock Man	164	13	50,075	2:03⅘	Fast
May 14, 1927	Whiskery	L. McAtee	126	Osmand	Jock	162	15	51,000	2:06	Slow
May 19, 1928	Reigh Count	C. Lang	126	Misstep	Toro	196	22	55,375	2:10⅖	Heavy
May 18, 1929	Clyde Van Dusen	L. McAtee	126	Naishapur	Panchio	159	21	53,950	2:10⅘	Muddy
May 17, 1930	Gallant Fox	E. Sande	126	Gallant Knight	Ned O	150	15	50,725	2:07⅗	Good
May 16, 1931	Twenty Grand	C. Kurtsinger	126	Sweep All	Mate	130	12	48,725	2:01⅘	Fast
May 7, 1932	Burgoo King	E. James	126	Economic	Stepenfetchit	115	20	52,350	2:05⅕	Fast
May 6, 1933	Brokers Tip	D. Meade	126	Head Play	Charley O	118	13	48,925	2:06⅘	Good
May 5, 1934	Cavalcade	M. Garner	126	Discovery	Agrarian	124	13	28,175	2:04	Fast
May 4, 1935	Omaha	W. Saunders	126	Roman Soldier	Whiskolo	110	18	39,525	2:05	Good
May 2, 1936	Bold Venture	I. Hanford	126	Brevity	Indian Broom	102	14	37,725	2:03⅗	Fast
May 8, 1937	War Admiral	C. Kurtsinger	126	Pompoon	Reaping Reward	103	20	52,050	2:03⅕	Fast
May 7, 1938	Lawrin	E. Arcaro	126	Dauber	Can't Wait	103	10	47,050	2:04⅘	Fast
May 6, 1939	Johnstown	J. Stout	126	Challedon	Heather Broom	115	8	46,350	2:03⅖	Fast
May 4, 1940	Gallahadion	C. Bierman	126	Bimelech	Dit	127	8	60,150	2:05	Fast
May 3, 1941	Whirlaway	E. Arcaro	126	Staretor	Market Wise	112	11	61,275	2:01⅗	Fast
May 2, 1942	Shut Out	W. D. Wright	126	Alsab	Valdira Orphan	150	15	64,225	2:04⅖	Fast
May 1, 1943	Count Fleet	J. Longden	126	Blue Swords	Slide Rule	110	10	60,725	2:04	Fast
May 6, 1944	Pensive	C. McCreary	126	Broadcloth	Stir Up	148	10	64,675	2:04⅕	Good
June 9, 1945	Hoop Jr.	E. Arcaro	126	Pot O'Luck	Darby Dieppe	155	16	64,850	2:07	Muddy
May 4, 1946	Assault	W. Mehrtens	126	Spy Song	Hampden	...	17	$96,400	2:03 3/5	Slow

*Indicates imported horse.
Distance—From 1875 to 1895, inclusive, the distance was one mile and a half.
(†)—In 1896 the distance was reduced to one mile and a quarter.
Largest award to winner—$96,400, Assault (1946); smallest, $2,850, Aristides (1875).
Jockey with most winners—tied at 3; Isaac Murphy (negro) in 1884, 1890 and 1891; Earl Sande, 1923, 1925 and 1930; Eddie Arcaro, 1938, 1941 and 1945.
Only filly to win—Regret (1915), owned by Harry P. Whitney.
Only imported horse to win—Omar Khayyam (1917), owned by Billings & Johnson.
Best time—Over mile and a half route, 2:34½ by Spokane (1889); over mile and a quarter, 2:01 2/5 by Whirlaway (1941).

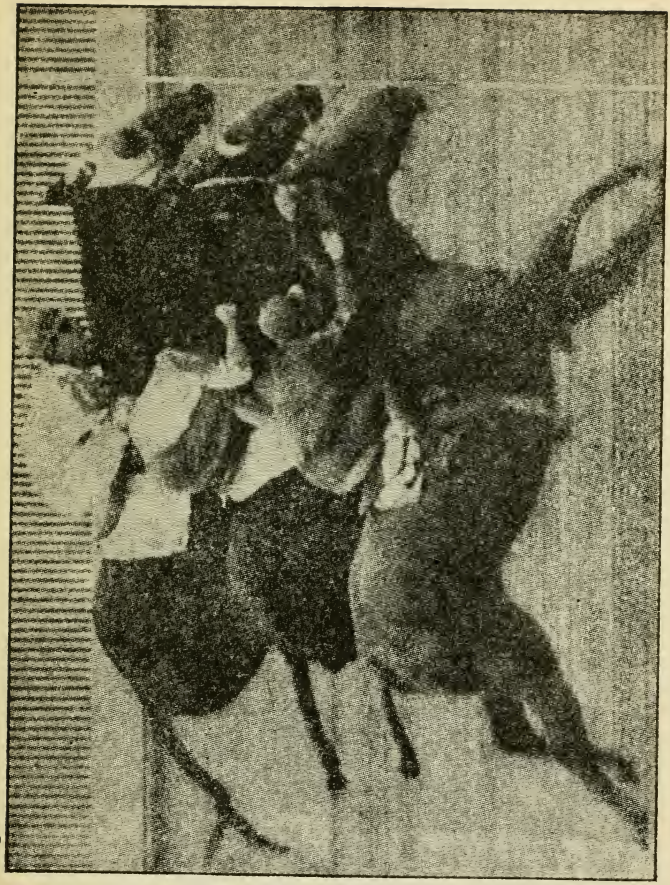
Unusual Happenings in Racing

At Saratoga, on September 1, 1934, in the seventh race, Anna V. L. caused a jam at the start. Noble Spirit swerved into Semaphore, who in turn fouled Anna V. L. All three were disqualified, after finishing in the order named. The race was awarded to Just Cap, which had finished fourth. A triple disqualification.

Two of the longest priced winners of 1933, or any other year, were ridden by Jockey V. Wallis. At Agua Caliente, on January 8, he piloted King Jack to victory with a payoff of $820 for the usual $2 investment. On February 24, at the same track, Wallis won with Augeas, which paid $840 for $2. Only one ticket was sold on the latter horse, D. L. Harris of Oklahoma being the only backer of the neglected racer.

Bob Wade, carrying 122 pounds at the age of four stepped ¼ of a mile in 21¼ seconds, at Butte, Montana, August 20, 1890.

That is still the world's record for the distance.



CARTER HANDICAP
6th Race at Aqueduct, N. Y., June 10, 1944
Brownie on rail; Bassuet in center; Wait a Bit on the outside
A Triple Dead Heat

The only triple dead heat in the history of the American turf.

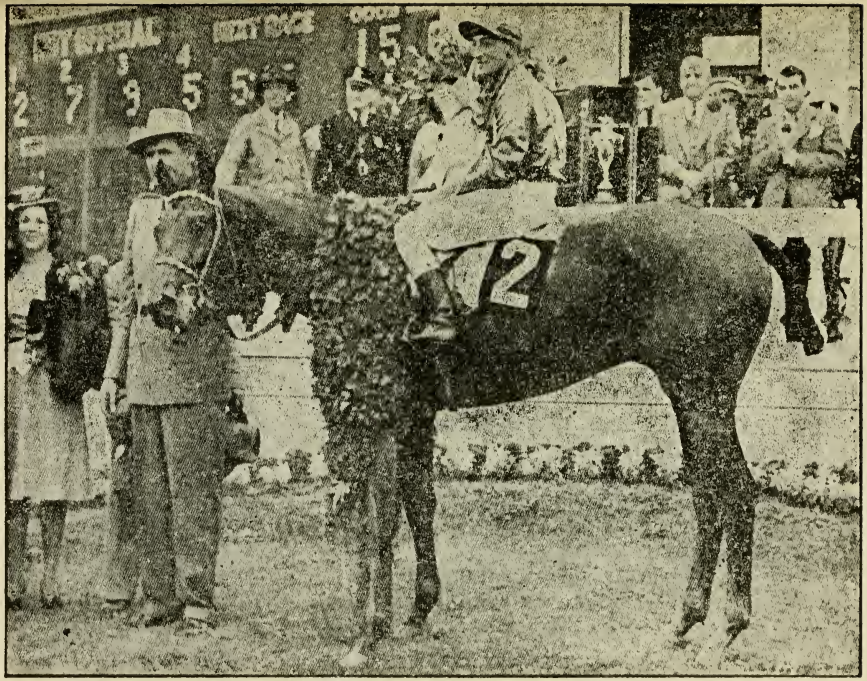
Phar Lap, winner of the Agua Caliente Handicap in 1932, was bred in New Zealand and sold for $800 at the yearling auction sales. He won 51 races and $332,250.

Gay World sold for $250 at a Texas yearling sale. In 1933 he won thirteen races, including the Chicago Derby.

The filly Genesta, owned by R. T. Wilson and piloted by Jockey Woolf, won the first race on the day the Havre-de-Grace track was opened, August 24, 1912.

H. D. "Curly" Brown built the Laurel track, and threw it open to the public on October 2, 1911. Royal Onyx, owned by M. Utterback and ridden by Joe Byrne, won the first race on opening day.

The first race over the Saratoga track, in 1863, was won by Dr. Welden's mare, Lizzie W., with Jockey Sewell in the saddle. The race was run over what is now known as the Horse Haven track, used only for training.



HOOP, Jr., 1945 Kentucky Derby Winner
Jockey Eddie Arcaro up

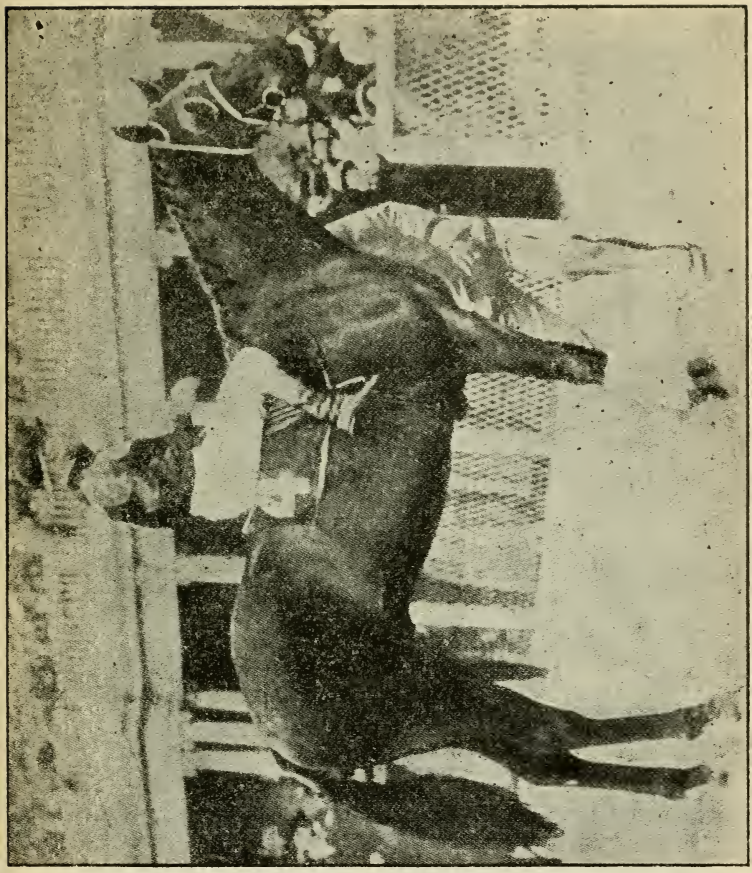
At Agua Caliente on March 13, 1934, no straight mutual tickets were sold on either Old Kickapoo or Patricia Grey, starters in the fifth race. Old Kickapoo won. Those who held place tickets on him received $230.40 for $2.

In 1870, when racing was resumed over the Pimlico track after an interruption caused by the Civil War, the first race was at two miles, over the hurdles, and was won by the mare Biddy Malone, Jockey Gaffney up.

The original Santa Anita track was opened December 7, 1907. The first race was won by the popular campaigner, Magazine, owned by R. F. Carman and ridden by Guy Burns.

Walter Miller, a great Jockey of 40 years ago, brought home 388 winners in 1905. That is an American record for riding the most winners in a single year.

Mary McFadden, a two-year-old, and Laura Booter, a three-year-old were full sisters. They won the first and second races respectively at Grasham Park, Portland, Oregon, on July 22, 1935. Both races were at five and one-half furlongs; the official time for both races was the same (1:10); both



ROAMER. Jockey Jimmie Butwell up over

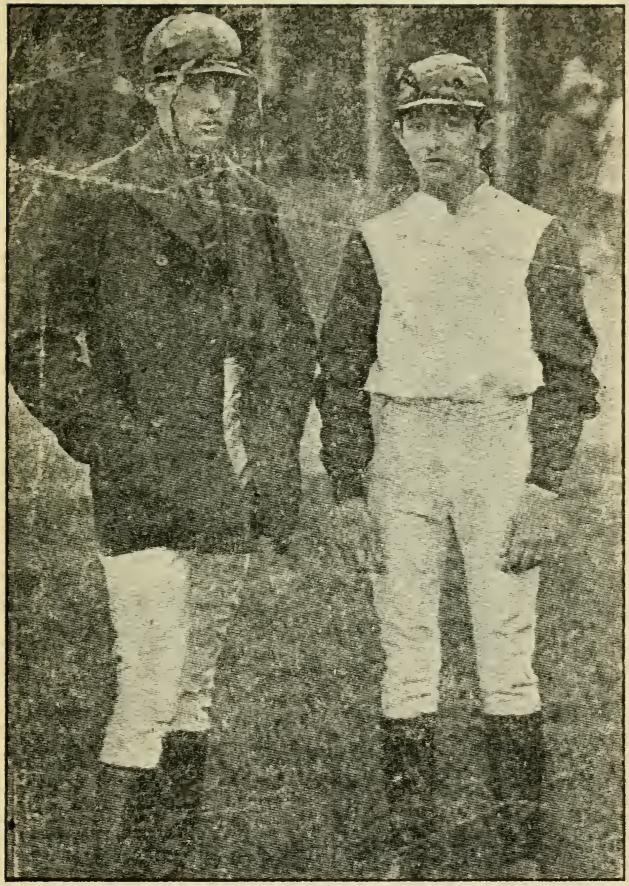
Roamer was by Knight Errant-Rosetree II. He was foaled in 1911.

W. S. Vosburgh, one of the shrewdest judges of a horse and a man who served as official handicapper of The Jockey Club for over a quarter of a century, pronounced Roamer possibly the best horse he had ever seen—and he saw them all for a matter of 40 or 50 years.

Roamer raced seven seasons, winning almost $99,000 in the days when stake values were but a fraction of those which today run anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000.

Roamer was a small, frail-looking gelding. He ran 98 races, could win packing 130 pounds, and go two miles and one-quarter. When he was seven years old, after having done enough to kill three good horses, he lowered the world's mile record to 1:34 4/5 and ran the first three-quarters in 1:10 1/5, which is faster than any sprinter ever has run that distance in a regular six-furlong race over the same track.

Among other races, Roamer won the Saratoga Special, Travers Stakes, Washington Handicap, 1¼ miles, Yonkers Handicap, Saratoga Cup, 1¾ miles, Queens County Handicap in 1915 and 1918, Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, Aqueduct Handicap, Carter Handicap, Dwyer Stakes, Empire City Stakes, Excelsior Handicap, Havre de Grace Handicap, Huron Handicap at Saratoga, Saratoga Handicap, 1¼ miles, in 1915, 1917 and 1919.



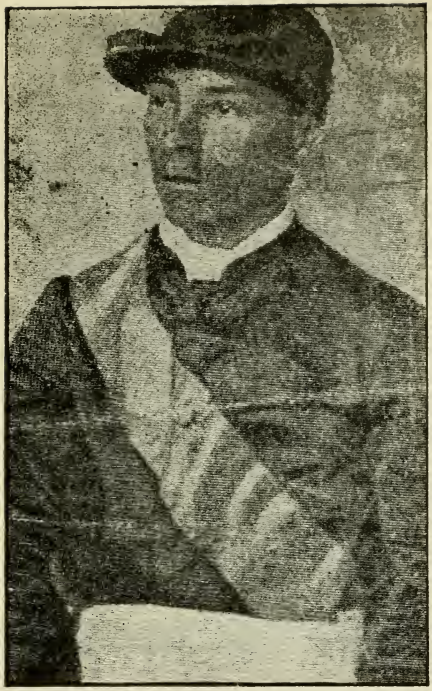
"Tod" Sloan, the most brilliant jockey who ever sat on a horse (on the right), and "Skeets" Martin. This photograph was taken at Morris Park on the day before they first decided to sail for England.

started from Number Five post position; both were ridden by Jockey H. Scurlock; both were bred by Senator J. N. McFadden; both were owned by H. W. Ray; both were trained by J. Simpson, and both were maidens when they went to the post.

In the running of the Adirondack Handicap of 1932 at Saratoga, New York, Speed Boat, Barn Swallow and Enactment finished in the order named. The same horses finished in the same order over the same track in the Test Stakes in 1933.

Blitzen won ten races in 37 days in 1893, beginning November 7. He finished second on six occasions, annexed the show end of the purse once and was unplaced once. Running eighteen races in 37 days, he raced practically every alternate day. Jockey H. Jones rode him in seventeen of his eighteen races.

Here's a sermon in a sentence: An old horseman broke his leg. He was poverty-stricken. All his friends said they were sorry for him. John E. Madden said nothing—*but he sent the unfortunate man a check for one thousand dollars.*



WILLIE SIMMS

The Great Negro Jockey

He was the first American jockey to ride in England.

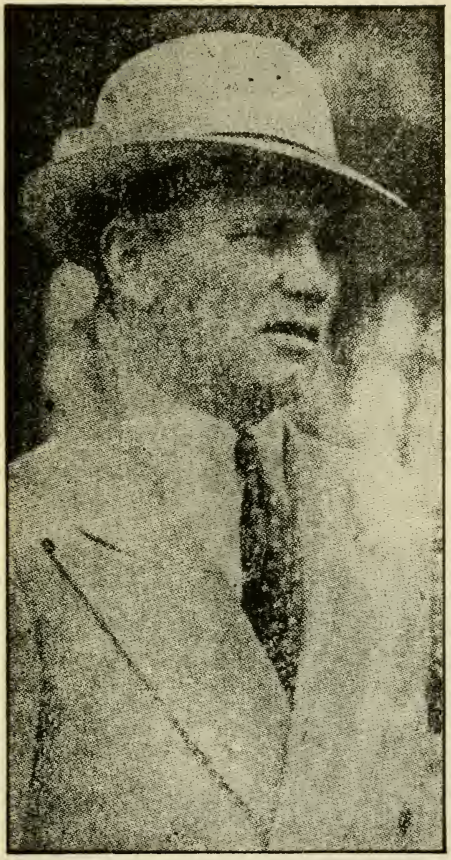
Simms won the Kentucky Derby on Ben Brush in 1896, and on Plaudit in 1898.

George Odom, the trainer, was a leading jockey forty years ago. He made a great reputation when he rode for W. H. Clark, owner of the great racer, Banastar. Mr. Clark built the Empire City race track, which was acquired by the late James Butler and now is operated by his heirs.

Roseben, owned by Davy Johnson, started 41 times in 1906, to win 27 races, place 11 times and take the short end 5 times. On only 5 occasions did he finish outside the money. The preceeding year he had gathered 19 out of 39 starts, being second 5 times, third on two occasions and among the "also rans" on only 3 occasions.

Roseben's first start over a California track was at Oakland, on November 26, 1908. Ridden by Jockey Holmes, he was favorite at 4 to 5, and won easily.

"Little Pete," the Chinese plunger was prominent at all California tracks 50 years ago. He set it in when he felt he was right, but he liked to have an ace in the hole and "fixed" many races. When they caught up with him, on March 26, 1896, he was ruled off for life, along with three jockeys—Jerry Chorn, Francois Chevalier and Arthur Heinrichs.



JOCKEY EARLE SANDE

Sande won 3 Kentucky Derbys. On Zev in 1923, Flying Ebony in 1925 and Gallant Fox in 1930.

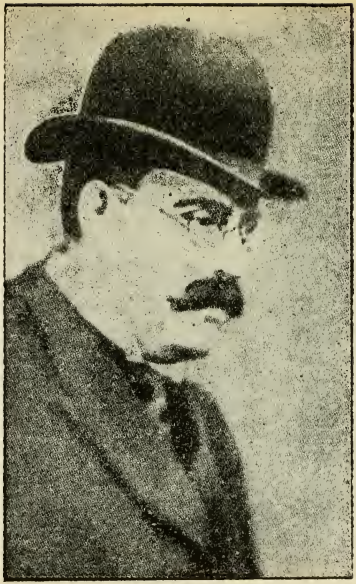
The Four Fastest Derbies

When Old Rosebud, owned by H. C. Applegate, ran the Derby distance of one mile and one-quarter in 2:03 2/5 in 1914, he established a record that stood for seventeen years. Twenty Grand, owned by Greentree Stable, lowered the Derby mark to 2:01 4/5 in 1931, after having set a new American time record of 1:36 for two-year-olds the preceding fall in the Jockey Club Stakes at Churchill Downs.

Twenty Grand's record stood for ten years, until 1941 when Calumet Farm's Whirlaway bettered it by two-fifths of a second, running the mile and one-quarter in 2:01 2/5. While he did not set a record himself, Glen Riddle Farm's War Admiral is the only other Derby winner to better the record set by Old Rosebud.

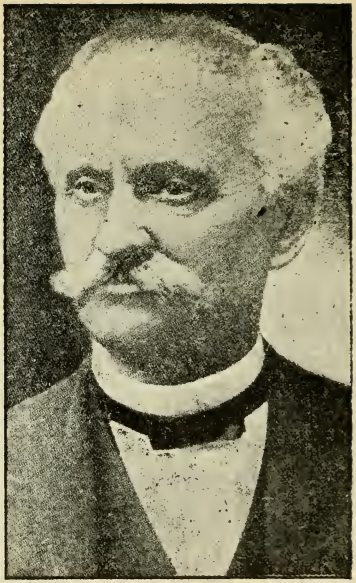
Whirlaway's record for the race is within one and two-fifth seconds of the sum of the five fastest quarters run in the races won by Whirlaway, Twenty Grand, and War Admiral. The sum of those five fastest quarters is 2:00.

Below are the fractional times for the four fastest runnings of the Kentucky Derby at one and one-quarter miles:



"DAVY" JOHNSON

Owner of Roseben, the greatest sprinter in the history of the American turf.



"LUCKY" BALDWIN

Millionaire gold miner, horse owner, and one of the greatest plungers of all time.

TIME BY QUARTERS

1941 Whirlaway—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	(Mile)	5th	Race
23 2/5	23 1/5	25	25 4/5	(1:37 2/5)	24	=2:01 2/5

1931 Twenty Grand—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	(Mile)	5th	Race
23 1/5	24 1/5	24 3/5	25 2/5	(1:37 2/5)	24 2/5	=2:01 4/5

1937 War Admiral—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	(Mile)	5th	Race
23 1/5	23 3/5	25 3/5	25	(1:37 2/5)	25 4/5	=2:03 1/5

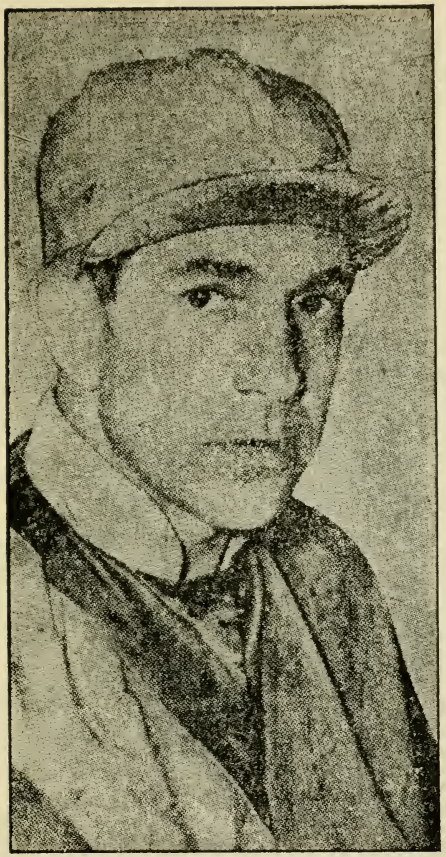
1914 Old Rosebud—

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	(Mile)	5th	Race
23 3/5	24 1/5	25 1/5	25 4/5	(1:38 4/5)	25 1/5	=2:03 2/5

Whirlaway's Record

1941—WHIRLAWAY—a colt. After winning Derby in record time of 2:01 2/5, won eight in a row, including Preakness, and Belmont Stakes, to become fifth to win "Triple Crown." Campaigned as 4-year-old in 1942, he established world's record for earnings by a race horse. Retired to stud in mid-season 1943 in perfect condition.

Year	Age	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Unp.	Money Won
1940	2	16	7	2	4	3	$ 77,275
1941	3	20	13	5	2	0	272,386
1942	4	22	12	8	2	0	211,250
1943	5	2	0	0	1	1	250
—	—	60	32	15	9	4	$561,161



THE LATE "GEORGIE" WOOLF

Jockey Woolf was the leading stake and feature-winning jockey, according to the amount of money won in 1942. Amount won, $341,680. 1944 — Amount won, $338,135.

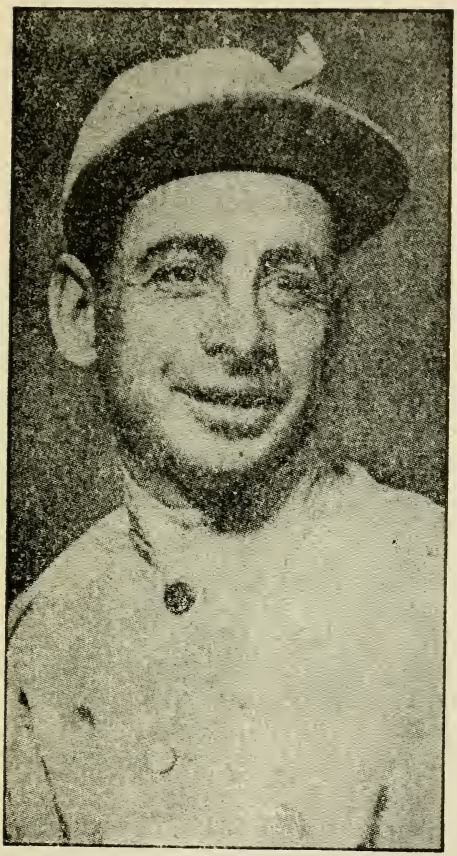
Interesting Stories of the Kentucky Derby

1884—Pressure had to be applied to Isaac Murphy, the great Negro jockey, to get him to ride Buchanan in the Derby of this year—which Buchanan won.

Few horses were ever wilder at the post, or more erratic during the running of a race, than Buchanan. From the time he entered the paddock, until he returned to the judge's stand—and even after that—his actions were unpredictable.

Murphy had ridden Buchanan at Nashville. After going through rodeo tactics at the post, Buchanan broke with his field, then went on a bolting rampage. He was all over the track, and because of this, Murphy announced at Louisville that he would not ride Buchanan in the Derby, as he had promised.

Messrs. Cottrill and Guest, owners of Buchanan, then sought out the officials at the Downs, who ruled that if Murphy did not ride Buchanan, he would not be permitted a mount in the Derby. When there was talk about the possibility of Murphy being barred from riding during the entire spring meeting, he became worried, and told the officials that he had changed his mind, and would ride



JOCKEY JOHNNY LONGDON

Longdon was the leading stake and feature-winning jockey, according to the amount of money won, in 1943. Amount won, $290,222; and in 1945—Amount won, $528,220.

Buchanan.

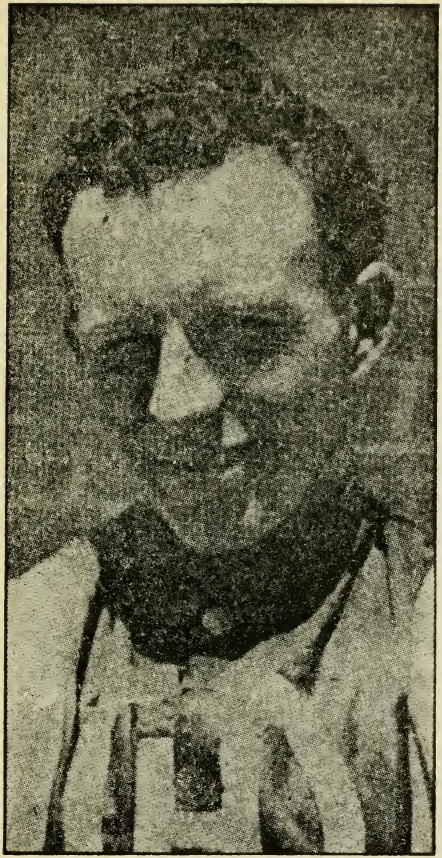
After booting Buchanan to a two-length victory in the Derby, Murphy followed up a few days later by riding Buchanan to triumph in the Clark Stakes.

1891—Turf writers referred to the Derby of this year as the "Funeral Race," because the time turned in was the slowest in Derby history. The fractional time: :33¼ for the first quarter, 1:05½ at the half, 1:35¾ at the three quarters, the mile in 2:01, and the full distance in 2:52¼—as compared with Spokane's record of 2:34½.

Kingman was the odds-on favorite; Balgowan was the horse feared by Kingman's owners. Each jockey had orders to let the other horse take the early lead. Neither would. They travelled nose and nose, with each jockey checking down in the hope of tricking the other into leadership.

The riders on the other two horses kept step with Kingman and Balgowan for a mile, and the quartette moved along in cavalry formation. Going into the last quarter, Isaac Murphy flecked Kingman and he moved to the front. Overton, on Balgowan, started to move, too. Kingman had taken a one-length lead, and won by that margin. After the race, Dudley Allen, half owner of Kingman, said:

"I told my jockey to walk, if Balgowan walked, and he mighty near did it."



JOCKEY JOHNNY ADAMS

Johnny Adams was the leading jockey in number of winners ridden in 1937, with 260; 1942 with 245 winners, and 1943 with 228 winners.

1889—After Spokane, opening at 10 to 1, defeated Proctor Knott, the 1 to 2 favorite, in the Derby, the admirers said Spokane was a far inferior horse; that his victory was due to Proctor Knott's bolt to the outer fence, at the turn for home.

About a week later, they met again—in the Clark Stakes—over the one mile and a quarter route, the Derby having been a mile and a half. They then carried even weights, and the finish was an exact duplicate of the Derby; Spokane first, Proctor Knott second, and Once Again third.

Their third meeting was about ten days, or two weeks later—in the American Derby. For the third time, Spokane was winner, with Proctor Knott out of the money.

In their fourth meeting, Proctor Knott did defeat Spokane.

Fastest Derbies—

Mile and a half. Spokane 2:34½ (1889); mile and a quarter, Whirlaway, 2:01 2/5 (1941).

Two winners of the Derby later became leading money winners. Zev, winner of the Churchill Downs classic in 1923, later became the leading money winner, a distinction now held by Whirlaway, winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1941, whose

JOCKEY TED ATKINSON

Ted Atkinson was the leading jockey in number of winners in 1944, with a total of 287 winning mounts.

earnings of $561,161 are the greatest ever amassed by a Thoroughbred.

Exterminator, winner of the Derby in 1918, is considered by many to be the greatest Thoroughbred seen in America in the present century. Exterminator raced for eight seasons, won fifty races, was seventeen times second, seventeen times third, and earned $252,996. Weight, distance, and condition of the track made little difference to the horse affectionately called "Old Bones." Exterminator died September 20, 1945.

Jockey With Most Winners—

Tied at 3: Isaac Murphy (Negro) in 1884, 1890 and 1891; Earl Sande, 1923, 1925 and 1930. Eddie Arcaro in 1938, 1941, and 1945.

Jockeys With Two Winners Each—

Willie Sims (1896, 1898); Jimmy Winkfield (1901, 1902); Johnny Loftus (1916, 1919); Albert Johnson (1922, 1926); Linus McAtee (1927, 1929); Charlie Kurtsinger (1931, 1937).

Jockeys Winning Two Derbies In Row—

Isaac Murphy (1890-1891); Jimmy Winkfield (1901-1902). Both were Negro boys.

Negro Jockeys Winning Derbies—

O. Lewis (1875); Billy Walker (1877); Babe Hurd (1882); Isaac Murphy (1884, 1890, 1891);

JOCKEY JOB DEAN JESSOP

Finished the year of 1945 with 290 winners, to lead the riding field.

Erskine Henderson (1885); Isaac Lewis (1887); Alonzo Clayton (1892); Willie Simms (1896, 1898); Jimmy Winkfield (1901, 1902).

Concentrated Derby Details

The Winners—

The 72 runnings of the Kentucky Derby (1875-1946, inclusive) have been won by 64 colts, seven geldings, and one filly.

The only filly to win was Regret in 1915.

The seven geldings which won were Vagrant (1876), Apollo (1882), Macbeth II (1888), Old Rosebud (1914), Exterminator (1918), Paul Jones (1920), and Clyde VanDusen (1929).

Only imported horse to win the Derby was Omar Khayyam (1917).

Owner of Most Winners—

E. R. Bradley, four: Behave Yourself (1921), Bubbling Over (1926), Burgoo King (1932), Brokers Tip (1933).

Trainer of Most Winners—

H. J. ("Dick") Thompson, 4: (1921, 1926, 1932, 1933), all owned by E. R. Bradley.

"Triple Crown" Winners

In this country only seven three-year-olds have won the "Triple Crown" since 1875, seventy-one years ago, when the Kentucky Derby was established.

Following are the "Triple Crown" winners in this country:

UNITED STATES

Kentucky Derby, Preakness Stakes, Belmont Stakes

Year	Horse	Owner
1919	**Sir Barton**	J. K. L. Ross
1930	**Gallant Fox**	William Woodward
1935	**Omaha**	William Woodward
1937	**War Admiral**	Samuel D. Riddle
1941	**Whirlaway**	Warren Wright
1943	**Count Fleet**	Mrs. John Hertz
1946	**Assault**	Robert J. Kleberg